

GIFT ITEM: 1 FREESIA COLL/36 BULBS/3 SUPPORTS  
1 GLOXINIA COLL/4 TUBERS/POTTED  
100 LILY NATURALIZING MIX



FROM:  
DONALD W POWELL  
322 E 19TH ST APT 2  
CHESTER PA 19013-0000

TO:  
S ROBERT POWELL  
8 HENDRICK LANE  
PO BOX 161  
CARBONDALE PA 18407-0000

White Flower Farm    Litchfield, Connecticut    06759-0050

Merry Christmas

Expect your gift

- ☐ at once.
- ☐ at christmas (weather permitting).
- ☐ in early spring.
- ☒ in late spring. *Lilies*
- ☐ in the autumn.
- ☒ late November - Foresta  
*Coloniaia*

White Flower Farm litchfield, Connecticut 06759 203-567-080

November 18, 1984

Robert -

How about this as an idea for the CHS&M float ( display, presentation ) for the Pioneer Days Parade 1985 ?  
The balloons could be attached to some sort of flexible pole or stick or wire. It would be colourful, cheap,



and eye-catching, don't you think ?

A good idea is a good idea is a good idea.

This picture is from TIME November 19, 1984.

D.

November 20, 1984, Tuesday

November - Robert -

Since you are going to educate us all with the term 'yurt' (pl. yurta : A circular, domed portable tent used by the nomadic Moncols of Siberia. Russian yurta, from turkic, akin to Turkish yurt, home . ), the necessity of telling you the word on my Cousin Peg caalendar for today is irresistible :

HOGAN (hō'gon) N. a Navaho Indian dwelling constructed of earth and branches and covered with mud or sod.  
Hogans are to Indians what igloos are to Eskimos.

mud or sod.  
Hogans are to Indians what igloos are to Eskimos.

Yurts, hogans, igloos !

This morning for the first time the lovebirds entered the nest box. The morning has been tranquil: there is not a breath of air moving, there is not a cloud in the sky, and the sun is an hour or two over the horizon. The cluster of three maple trees directly onto the window before my typewriter is shedding its greenish-yellow leaves one at a time, occasionally more. It is wonderful when one leaf high up on the trees hits another and a cascading avalanche ensues. There was a frost last night, one of our first, and the sun is now so hot (10:09 AM) in my chamber that, despite the temperature outside – perhaps in the mid 30s, I have the window open about three inches and I am sitting here clothesless [ = nude, not naked ].

I fasted yesterday (no food, no liquid, no nothing) for the first time in so long that I can't yet determine when it was that I did it last, and so everything this morning is transcendental.

Regards,

D.

November 16, 1984

November  
Friday

Robert -

Two letters from you arrived today. Which one shall I open first ? Oh I see, how convenient -- the envelopes are numbered "1" and "2".

"1"  
Another tableau must : SRP discovering his violated cache of squash seeds.

re-vived : hyphenating It makes the meaning quite clear

I live in a state of perpetual agitation, unfinishedness, anxiety, doubt, fear, disappointment, incompleteness.

**fear, disappointment, incompleteness.**  
**You say about ABT and GS : "So comfortable were they with themselves**

On reading that sentence of yours my thought was, "Why can't I be comfortable and their world and all worlds and all people!"

with myself, why can't I relax, why can't I be happy."

With myself, why can't I relax, why can't I be happy. Your sentence has inspired me to do something about myself.

"2"

Oh dear, Walter Powell quitting at the golf course, dare I read on.

I am half-way through the letter and I am shaking. My mind is racing. I don't know what to think or to do. I want to get on the telephone and talk to you. I feel that I should change my Thanksgiving plans and come to Carbondale.

Thanksgiving plans and come to Carbondale.

I have finished the letter. I am hanging on a precipice, an abyss. I must play

Monday.

What have I sent you in the mail that would have arrived at Carbondale on Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday.

Power. The issue is power. A power-struggle. If WSP is so anxious to have things equitably divided, why doesn't he put something on paper. There is an old saying in the gutter, "The shit always rolls down hill". HIRP's grief, HIRP's lifelong grief, caused by the loss of her special children is her punishment for her immoral, unethical behaviour. I wonder if she thinks that she can do anything she wants and whatever it is that she wants to do is all-right ( = good ). I would love to see her suffer, just a little bit, for the pain and difficulty she has caused you and me and Dad. Her behaviour is reprehensible and unforgivable.

3:10 PM I am immobilized, and I am unable to concentrate.

Regards, DWP.